



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out." — Job xxix. 12, 16.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

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No. 29 East 29th Street,
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Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

On the deck of a ship flying homeward over a great ocean, sat a missionary, toil-worn, yet very serene, with his little daughter. All that he possessed on earth was packed in a small trunk, his riches consisting in a translation of the Holy Book into a strange tongue, and an unreckoned treasure laid up, where "moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

When the children of a rich merchant heard that the vessel had actually arrived in port, they were very sorry. Their pretty faces frowned as their father read aloud the news, in the morning paper; they were not eager to welcome to their beautiful country-seat the grave uncle and unknown cousin. This family had not been taught to esteem "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasure of Egypt." After years of separation, the brothers met on the deck. They had chosen entirely different paths in life; one was straight and

difficult, not easy to travel, leading to great poverty and dishonor in things temporal; the other was broad and beautiful, bringing luxury and renown. An easy carriage was waiting to convey the travelers through pleasant roads to the charming summer-place of the younger brother. How small seemed the dingy trunk in comparison with the avenue of noble trees, the smooth sward, the dripping fountains and graceful statues which adorned the grounds about the gray stone house. A group stood on the piazza; as the carriage drew nearer the young girls tried to keep from smiling when they saw the unpretending leather trunk, the brown face of the little girl, and the shabby dress of their uncle. Mary looked, with wondering eyes, at the splendor of the drawing-room, without a thought of envy; for she felt greater pleasure in being enrolled amongst those who are entitled to the hundred fold here, and to life everlasting, than did these children in calling themselves the daughters of a millionaire. At tea-time the young girls were less ashamed of their uncle; his bearing was gentlemanly and composed, his face without a trace of harassing anxieties or earthly cares; he had the look of one who has been about his Father's business many years. The brothers talked of changes wrought by time, of the voyage, and their old home-life. The conversation of the uncle was not exactly in heaven, although the girls feared it would soon be turned thither. After tea they went out to see the garden and rocks, the vista cut through the grove, and the gleaming lake beyond; the pets belonging to the children, and the grand horses in the stables. Yet, when they went prayerless to their rooms, the missionary could not help thinking, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of that which he hath."

The merchant smoked in his easy chair, pitying the brother just arrived, in his threadbare suit and scanty wardrobe. He thought delightedly of the fortune in store for his children, and the magnificence of his town-house. It did not seem possible that any man could

prefer to "suffer affliction with the people of God to enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season." Perhaps the insignificance of this gold and silver did occur to the rich man, on the Sunday morning, when the missionary spoke of the cross of Christ in such a way that the hearts of many hearers burned within them. There rushed into the merchant's mind the great glory of things unseen which are eternal; but soon the remembrance vanished, for "how hardly shall they which have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

On the morrow the missionary saw the splendor of this world. His brother carried him to admire costly houses and elaborate furniture, he told him of bank stocks and investments for his children. While the younger brother displayed his success in life, and pointed proudly to what his own industry had accomplished, the poor man felt perfectly untroubled, for "he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."

Mary was invited to remain with her cousins, after her father's departure, to share their advantages. The missionary could not refuse his brother's kindness, although he dreaded the effect of a worldly life on his young daughter. Wealth and its accessories are so fascinating in comparison with that daily taking up of the cross which had been Mary's former portion. This fresh trial the missionary was able to bear, for "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." While Mary was too young to be tempted by her cousins' mode of life, she could understand how difficult it would be to keep "unspotted from the world," when her days of lessons were ended. In her uncle's house, the amusements of fashionable life were freely admitted. The young ladies entered heartily into scenes of gaiety. Every night they danced at home, or with their friends; they were dressed in the most expensive manner, and made their toilet a diligent study. In receiving and returning visits, in card-playing and parties, their time hastened away. The body was their chief concern, of the mind

and soul they were apparently unmindful. The missionary's young daughter was not unaffected by the "pride of life." As she grew older, a great struggle commenced within her breast. It is a question which many young girls, like Mary, are obliged to settle; it is the old impossibility of serving two masters; "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The missionary, far away in the fields white to harvest, could not realize the position of his daughter, now accomplished and beautiful. By her uncle's generosity she had been educated and clothed. The time drew near when her course must be decided.

Long ago, Mary had professed to have her life "hid with Christ in God;" but it was not easy to renounce all these earthly pleasures, within her reach. At the risk of her uncle's lasting displeasure, she must resign these enjoyments, to her conscience came the words of the apostle, "She that liveth in sin is dead while she liveth." On one side were the glittering joys of gayety, fashion, flattery; on the other shone the cross and golden letters, saying, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

To the great surprise and annoyance of her uncle's family, Mary resolved, in the freshness of her youth, to leave the allurements of society, most attractive to her temperament, and return to her father bearing the burden and heat of the day alone. The young cousins could not understand how one so gifted and beloved could cross the ocean to spend her life in teaching darkened souls.

Perhaps at the last day, when the trifling pleasures of time are seen to be most unsatisfactory, Mary will be found to have chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her. Those who cared only for riches and earthly treasure will be swept away with the sad multitude of mourners who must stand at the left hand of the Judge, while others, who preferred "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," having turned many to righteousness, will shine as the stars forever and ever.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCIS E. GAGE.

I LOVE the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continual boom—
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout,
As he spurs his stock along;
The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him to the town;
The halloo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of threshers,
As they clean the ripened grain,
And the husker's joke and mirth and glee,
'Neath the moonlight on the plain.
The kind voice of the dairyman
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life;
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife.
Not that toil and strife that fainteth,
And murmureth on the way—
Not that toil and strife that groaneth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But that toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife which ever bringeth
To the striver all his part.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE LEAF AND ITS LESSONS.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

It was one of those mild, delightful days of October, when summer seems to have overreached her boundaries, and lingers awhile in autumn, ere her last good-by—that three girls were on their homeward way from the seminary of G——. All around them, on every side, were the dying beauties of the melancholy season of the year. Forest trees were arrayed in gorgeous robes, as if Nature had striven to concentrate her greatest brightness in the death-shroud—the tender green of spring, and the rich emerald of summer, had given place to brilliant tints, the crowning glory before mingling with the dust. As in life, the sweetness of childhood and the matured graces of later years sometimes ripen into almost angelic purity before they decay. The grave of Nature receives her brightest gifts—the graves, that cover our friends, often take them into their bosoms when most lovely, most pure. The work of the year was almost completed. Here and there a flower bloomed paler and less fragrant perhaps than those of mid-summer, but dearly to be prized because so soon to fade forever. The bird's song was in a plaintive solo, and not in the full, joyous chorus of spring, and the very music of the brook seemed to have changed to a murmur of sadness. Nature had labored faithfully and well, and now her time of rest was at hand. Soon would her beauties be buried, and moaning winds would sound a requiem over their tombs.

The merry trio, as they tripped along, appeared to have but few feelings in unison with the scenes around. Their young hearts seemed too full of hope, and joy, and life, to have a thought of sorrow or death. With springing

step, and buoyant spirits, and cheerful voices, and cloudless faces, they moved on, almost unmindful of anything outward, save the presence of the happy ones who formed the group. Their thoughts and tongues were busy with the inner world they had just left behind, when suddenly their attention was called to a golden-tinted leaf, that by the slightest breeze, had been severed from its parent stem and came gently, slowly eddying to their feet.

"Oh! girls, what a beautiful leaf. Just see how perfect its form, how bright its coloring, how faultless every way. And yet, think of it, it has fallen dead, and soon would have been mingled with the mass around it. It really makes me sad thus to see the beautiful die, to think that 'all that's bright must fade.' And the face, a moment before so sunny, now wore an expression of sorrow at the thoughts suggested by the fallen leaf."

"Yes, but, Annie, we know that though the leaves are sear and dead now, when spring shall come we shall have others beautiful and full of life. So, to me their dying is robbed of half its sadness in the thought that there is to be a resurrection."

"Oh, no, nor to me either is the thought all sad, only as the dying of the leaves points so forcibly to the dying of our bodies. In the autumn time, when I see them fading and falling together, it seems as though it must be sweeter far thus to lie down with the many that have waved in summer breezes side by side, than to live alone. And it is like old age to me, gently falling in the grave by the companions of life who have gone. But when, in the glad summer, now and then a leaf falls, not faded, but torn, in the pride of its life, from its fellows, to die alone, it speaks of the death of the young. Sundered from the parent tree, firm in its strength, and the companion-leaves dancing in the sunshine, in the fullness of life. Oh! if it should be thus with me, how could I go. Heaven forbid that I die while life is so dear, so bright as now."

"But, Annie dear, you forget that not only is the faded leaf of these short seasons replaced again, but the prematurely nipped is followed by another when the spring shall return. So, not only shall those who have lived long, arise and live again, but from the tiniest grave an immortal spirit shall come forth. The decay of summer beauties is not without hope, and on the grave of man is written 'life from death.'"

"Very true, I believe it all. But to die when young, so alone, how sad the thought. I do not know why it is I sometimes seem to have forebodings that I am to go early in life. The very idea has terror in it. Oh! it must be so hard to die. To leave loved friends, and bright hopes, and a happy life, to lie down in the cold grave alone—all alone. Do you ever think of it, Mary?"

"Yes, very often, but the thought is not clothed in the deep sadness with which you have robed it. God has promised grace sufficient for every time of need. When can we

need it more than when called to pass through the dark valley. Faith shows us a Saviour who can brighten the darkest gloom—even that of the grave."

The thoughtful pause that followed was broken by a silvery laugh from the hitherto silent one of the trio—a prelude to the words, "Well, I declare, girls, I did not think there was so much prosiness in you. Do, I pray, throw away that old, dead leaf, the text of all this sermonizing. When I look at the many-colored leaves, I see in them beauty now without thinking of their decay. I look at life in the present without looking beyond. 'Tis quite enough for me now. Mother says I am giddy and thoughtless, but there is time enough to be staid by-and-by. Come, girls, let us have some fun. It is such a lovely day and we are losing it all." And the merry-hearted girl entered upon the arrangement of some scheme of enjoyment, and soon in present pleasures clouds were scattered, smiles returned, and tears were driven to their fountains. But the leaf was not thrown away. A text-book conveyed it to its tomb among the hidden treasures that belonged to Annie Thornton.

The dying leaves that fluttered on the branches on that October day, had all fallen and were commingled with dust to give life to those that should follow after. Autumn had swept on into winter, and the old year was just drawing to its close, when a familiar face was missed from its accustomed place in the school-room. Teachers, and school-mates, and parents, and friends, had noticed that the eye, ever so sparkling with health and life, had become larger and lustrous, that the rounded form had lost much of its fullness, that the quick step had become slow and feable, that a bright spot burned on either cheek, but they could not believe that Annie Thornton was surely fading away. And so the slow step, as long as possible, conveyed the drooping girl to the school-room, and as long as could be, the daily task was conned, and hope was kept alive, and friends and the sick one tried not to think she was dying. But at last the weary yearned for rest, and in the quiet of her own dear home patiently sought it, but it came not, for the long weeks and months only brought greater debility, greater demand for rest. At last the goddess of spring took in her hand her gentle sceptre and her wand brought forth sunny skies and warm breezes. On a beautiful April day—just such a day as this—when above was one unbroken expanse of blue, and from beneath tiny flowers smiled upwards, and around the yet unformed leaves were struggling to burst from their prisons, a few loving and sorrowing friends were gathered around the couch of the dying girl.

"Father, I am willing now, yes, ready to go. Life is very bright and friends are so dear, and did God think best, I would very gladly stay longer with you. He only knows how great has been the struggle—how great my dread of

dying. But He has now given perfect victory. It is not hard now to die. The grave is not dark now, light comes through it from the bright angels waiting on the other side and from the perfect Light that shall lead me to the nightless home. And, mother dear, when I am gone, think of me as only transplanted. When, in last summer time, I saw the young leaves fall, something whispered to me that such might be my fate, and I revolted. And when in the autumn the faded leaves died together, I said, let such be my destiny, let me not die until my summer is ended, and carefully I laid aside a leaf fully ripe, and prayed that such be my death. God has seen fit to call me in the spring time, and, oh! how I have rebelled. But, mother dear, it is all over now. I am willing, perfectly willing to go. Only for a little time will I leave a vacant spot in the household, and then we shall be an unbroken band again. So, father, mother, good-by until we meet in heaven." And gently, peacefully, fearlessly the spirit of Annie Thornton was borne to the bosom of the all-loving Father—her short life was ended. And now, when each autumn comes, and we think of her dread of dying, and the spring follows and says, she then had victory, then when trial came—came needed grace, and we learn anew the lesson, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE TRUE COURSE.

A FEW evenings since, I met a wealthy hardware merchant, of New York, who might well be called the boys' friend. He employs about sixty boys and young men in his store, and he does not look upon them as so many machines to be used for his interest. He remembers that he was once a boy, himself, and he respects the rights of boys as he would have his own respected. He has been in business many years, but he has never found a boy who stole from him, although, in his business, there must be peculiar temptations to help one's self to what is not his own. When a new clerk enters his store he introduces him to the different departments. He inquires if he has a good knife, and directs him to select such a one as suits him. He asks if he needs pocket-scissors, a portemonnaie, or anything of the kind. All these little wants are supplied and the boy is told if at any time he needs anything in the store to ask for it and he shall have it. He gives his boys permission to leave the store to see persons when he can spare them. He gives them tickets to concerts and lectures; he grants them all the indulgence they need, and, by all this kindness and consideration, he makes them his friends; and he finds his own advantage in it, for, as he says, they promote his interests in more ways than one could imagine it possible.

This gentleman must feel an unusual interest in boys, aside from those in his own employ-

ment. He was once walking behind one who was loitering through the street smoking a cigar. After observing him for a time, he came to the conclusion that he was a boy of good inclinations, and he stepped to his side and began to talk with him. The boy related his history. The gentleman listened with interest and gave him friendly advice. He recommended him to throw aside his cigar, telling him of the evils which result from smoking. The boy took the cigar from his mouth and thought for a few minutes; he then threw it away, saying he would never smoke again; and he never has. He is a sailor, and, as often as he returns from his voyages, he calls upon this gentleman with some token of his remembrance. He is rising in his position and one more step will give him the command of a ship. How much of his prosperity he owes to this friend of boys I do not know, but his grateful remembrance of him could indicate that he himself appreciates his obligations.

It is wonderful that boys are so little understood, and their rights and feelings so little respected, especially, by men. Their finer nature is, too often, almost entirely destroyed by the harsh influences of those who should lead them in the right way. Their enjoyments are considered of little consequence and their trials not worth a thought. Even in the family they frequently are so treated that home is no home—no place of freedom. Mothers cannot bear their noise and fathers cannot be disturbed. Ah, this present unwholesome restraint is but the introduction to future coldness of affection, and to a freedom from proper restraint which is most disastrous. When we all learn to respect the rights of others, of boys as well as of men, a great step will be taken toward the millennium. With how much less anxiety we could commit our children into the great world to seek their fortunes, if all employers were like the hardware merchant who is so truly the friend of his boys. How many youths would be saved from a life of crime if judicious love watched over them in their business employments.

ANNA H.

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

AN extract from a recent discourse by Rev. F. G. Clark, New York.

* * * * * "BUT I remember that God has strewn flowers all over the earth. He has adorned this abode of sinners—this great scene of our probation—this vast human penitentiary—with every natural attraction. This is wonderful. As a sinner, I find myself in *this world as in a great reformatory institution*. I am put within the high walls of restraint and discipline. I am confined, chastened, thwarted, controlled by a power which I feel to be irresistible. I suffer pains and disappointment. I am conversant with sorrow, tears, and death. All this I know to be the result of sin; for it

is written all over the walls which inclose me, that my unhappiness and peril are only sin's fair wages. In such circumstances—living in an accursed world—toiling at tasks which are in a sense penal—somehow reading in every furrow of the field, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee,"—in such circumstances I should have expected that all nature would be somber and menacing; and the hills would rise around me in bare, black, volcanic crags; that the scenery of earth would everywhere be such as my sins deserve; and that voices of reproach and of withering shame should reach me from every quarter. But is it not wonderful that *God has filled this world with flowers?* He has covered the hills and checkered the crags with verdure. The wild flower smiles to us from Alpine summits. The fields are brilliant with lilies. Under our feet everywhere are growing most exquisite creations of God. Stoop, now, and take up a little flower. Ponder. Who made it? Examine it; its beauty, variety, completeness, ingenuity, adaptation to charm your taste. Reflect. It is a masterpiece of living mechanism. Chance never put such lines and such hues together. It is no result of wholesale manufactory, which dispenses with care and attention. It impresses us with the conviction that intelligence, and taste, and sympathy, and a desire to please us have somehow been enlisted in its creation. It speaks to us. It says, your Maker loves you, He would win you; He would prove by this gorgeous floral drapery of your prison that He respects you in your ruin, that He would win you to a normal self-respect and hopefulness; that he would elevate your tastes and affections, and make earth's flowers and earth's songs to be constant remembrancers of the Paradise lost, and symbols of the Paradise to be regained.

But I cannot trust myself to linger here. Time presses. I repeat my argument. Here is more than infinite skill. Here is a moral power. Here is an appeal to the most delicate susceptibilities of my soul. Here is a voice to my heart. As adjuncts and scarlet-robed attendants of religion, these things are adapted to elevate my affections and to educate my nature for the scenery of heaven. Let none misunderstand; nature is not revelation, beauty is not piety, *taste is not holiness*. Nor will flowers and all the exquisite gifts of nature do for the soul what the power of the Cross alone can do. Let India, and South America, and Bishop Heber witness to this:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!"

Still I do affirm that the ministry of the beautiful is a reality; flowers have a mission, and the lesson of the lilies is one which Christian hearts will always love to study. I cannot

tarry to show the practical bearing of these ideas on our domestic culture, or to tell what flowers may do to refine the tastes and manners of our children. But I must observe the relation of this subject to our reformatory institutions which abound so much in these days. It is the honor of our age that no class is despaired of. Abandoned men, abandoned woman, lost children, the victims of every vice, are gathered into homes prepared for them, where they are kept, restrained, admonished, instructed, and evangelized. But this I have to say, that our reformers had better imitate the wisdom and the condescension of God. He covers the walls of our penitentiary with vines, and lavishes flowers in our path. He sends the Gospel to melt and purify our souls; and he sends every variety of beautiful form, to educate our tastes and to call out our natural sympathies. An institution which ignores this principle contains an absurdity. The relations of tastes to moral culture are close and intimate. Were I founding an asylum for the reformation of the vicious, my first investment, after shelter and food and Bibles, should be the construction of a garden which should do on a limited scale what God is doing on the grander scale of nature. Real reformation cannot be effected by a system of mere restraints and negations. The Bible does not attempt this. God's providence does not attempt it. The true philosophy of reform is at once to forbid and to invite—to shut up one path while we open another—to curb evil passions and subdue evil imaginations by leading out the soul into other and safe avenues. All permanent advance in our moral tuition may be measured by the extent to which our thoughts, feelings and conceptions are lifted up and fixed upon objects worthy of them. The experience of sin is, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust." The experience of holiness is, "My soul panteth after God." On this principle I should count it a most unpromising undertaking to attempt the moral elevation of a class whose tastes for natural beauty I left uncultivated. Hence, if I were visiting an asylum for delinquents, I would visit the garden sooner than the dormitories; and I should hope as much, after proper religious instruction, from the refining influence of horticulture, as from any other department of regimen and discipline. Some of our institutions have strangely overlooked this power, possibly at the cost of a serious discount to their influence and success.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

TIPPLING.

GLANCE not at my heading and turn away in disgust, I have a message for each one of you, dear readers. There probably never was a time in the history of our country, when this vice was so fashionable, and hence so common. And now, when our friends are going forth so

bravely to battle with the wrong, shall not we at home, also strive with all our power to advance the right and remove the wrong?

Women of America, to you I would look, to you would I appeal for aid in doing away this wrong. Mother, would you see your son filling a drunkard's grave; would you have his name associated with all that is evil and debasing? You have only to allow him to taste the intoxicating cup. But would you see him honored and beloved, the light and ornament of your home, oh, then banish the liquors from your cellars and sideboards, and warn him with all a mother's tenderness, so rarely unsuccessful, to shun this poison, and you will be well repaid.

Wife, would you desire that he whom you have vowed "to love, honor and obey" should be the companion of the vilest of the vile, or would you see him still what he seemed to you when first you met? O, let your influence be what it ought.

Sister, would you see your idolized brother, staggering home from his low scenes of dissipation, or would you still be cherished by that love and tenderness so peculiarly a brother's, be all to him that a sister should. An untold influence is yours, to be exerted for good or evil, and it rests with you to decide the direction it shall take.

Maiden, would you have your lover lose every noble trait in your eyes, by a use of the intoxicating cup? Many a young man has been led to destruction by one thus related to him. The influence was all unconscious, but not the less sure. Again I would repeat, let your influence be what it ought.

Mother, wife, sister, friend, will you not heed these words "in kindness spoken," by one who has felt the importance of this subject? And in that day when you receive your crown, may it shine the brighter for the rejoicings of those who have been, through your influence and example, redeemed from sin.

GRACIE VERNON.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN AN AID TO MOTHERS.

WE all need encouragement in our labors for the benefit of others. We may work without it, but any evidence of success inspires us with vigor and stimulates us with new courage. It fills, too, our hearts with thankfulness and increases our faith in the promises of Him who hears our prayers and answers our requests.

The ladies connected with the *Advocate and Guardian* have often been cheered on their onward way, and I know of none who have been more successful, yet I wish to add one more expression of gratitude to them which I, a few days since, heard from a western mother. She has a family of daughters, all active Christians and doing what they can in a western city. "I owe much

of my success in the training of my children, to the *Advocate and Guardian*. It has helped make them sympathizing and benevolent, and has taught them to care and labor for others. What a reward is this success for all the self-denial and hard labor which has been needed in carrying on this great work, of which the publication of the *Advocate and Guardian* is a part; and this mother, I doubt not, is only one among thousands who could make a similar remark. In how many families in our land are children's busy fingers engaged upon work for "the Home," of which they hear so much from its visit, which comes to them every fortnight through the mail.

There is nothing more delightful than a consciousness of having been used by God to promote His work and to feel that influences we have exerted on earth will continue to bless it long after we have left it, and there is nothing I think so well calculated to keep the soul humble, trusting and loving as God's blessing on our efforts. What joy in these evidences of a Father's smile upon you! What joy in heaven in learning much that you can never know here! Your reward is already great. May your success increase a thousand fold.

ANNA H.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

LITTLE RICHARD AND AUNT PHEBE.

"SPEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently, to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care."

"I WISH father would come home," said little Richard.

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said aunt Phebe, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father, now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room-door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. Oh, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was

neither very amiable, nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of, would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone, she added, "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of a cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said, cheerfully:—

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"Oh, father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind, so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered

the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up, for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and put his arms closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and it may be a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! Oh, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into sunshine as quickly as possible, so that, true thought and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

"Speak kindly, speak kindly! ye know not the power

Of a kind and gentle word,
As it's tones in a sad and weary hour,
By the troubled heart are heard.

"Speak kindly, then kindly: there's nothing lost
By gentle words; to the heart and ear
Of the sad and lonely, they're dear, how dear,
And they nothing cost." *Selected.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE TROUBLE OF CHILDREN:

BY MRS. FONDA.

Concluded from page 198.

THE last reply of Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Mott, as she passed her and her spaniel, was, that she had rather be caught running after children than dogs. Mrs. Brown passed on, and sure enough, she found her John by the side of the road, in front of the post-office, playing marbles, in company with the boys, some of whom belonged to Christian families and some to rich fathers, and some looked as though nobody claimed them. These boys, however varied their condition around their "centre-tables" at home, were here, all on a common level, slowly gliding down the same demoralizing declivity, which only prefaces the maelstrom of vicious manhood. Profane and obscene language was echoing around them from maturer specimens of inhumanity, who bore an upright attitude, the only evidence of God's "image" that vice had not spoiled. John started up

in astonishment as his mother appeared, and said, "I was just coming." The whole group sprung to their feet, their muddy clothes were all of the same color, whether made of broad cloth or jean; they stood there in their mud-uniform. Mrs. B. scanned the circle. There was Jamie Smith, he lived on a rich hill, with its slopes all beautifully terraced; his mother, a fine lady, and did not believe in being too strict with boys, "let them run, they will do well enough." There was Sammie Dean, his mother belongs to the Congregational Church, she is a very affectionate, but inefficient mother that "wishes Sammie wouldn't stay so long when he goes of errands." And when he returns after the absence of half a day on a little half-hour errand, she says, for the twentieth time, "Sammie, I am sorry you staid so long, you mustn't do so again, you won't, will you?" Sammie doesn't answer. She thinks she must be more impressive, so she calls again, "Sammie, my dear boy, you must not stay so long when you go of errands, if you do, I must punish you." Then comes Sammie's twentieth promise, "No, mother, I won't stay so long again." "Now see that you don't," rejoined his mother, "it is wicked to do so, and I'm afraid you'll find some wicked boys." "No, mother, they are all good boys." There stood Bennie Morse, his father was a saloon-keeper, and when absent his mother could retail cider and lager. If her boy appeared at meal-time and kept out from under her feet the rest of the time, she was satisfied: yet he was rapidly educating the other boys. Several other boys she did not know stood there. Mrs. B. talked a few minutes with them all, which the post-master thought was very unbecoming a lady in the street, she had better be at home attending to her dishes, the boys were only having a little innocent play. She took John by the hand and started for home, it was after sundown and as the clouds grew darker large drops of rain began to fall, they hurried on in silence, giving John time to have some thoughts of his own. They soon came in sight of Mrs. Mott and her accompaniment. Her fashionable, bedabbled, bedraggled dress was doing good execution amid the ruts and pools it swept over as she walked gracefully with a kind of undulating movement. Her dress had been elevated and lowered into every little excavation filled with water, and every curtesying step she took only doubled her load of mud to carry, indeed she reminded Mrs. B. very much of the old process of dipping candles. Mrs. Mott soon entered her beautiful gate and passed up between rows of flowers, and rung her door-bell for her servant, who was ordered to take Caper and clean his feet lest he would muddy the carpet and furniture. Biddy attempted to obey reluctantly, saying she had "much rather clane the feet of a young un than the feet of a dog, for they only had half as many to clane." Mrs. B. hastened on as the rain fell faster and faster. When she reached her neat little cottage-door she and

John were quite dripping, but the "hood and shawl" were used to the showers, and the dress was of proper length for the street, so it had left the mud undisturbed and the pools unsoiled. The son (with his tea-table ready) and husband were waiting with some anxiety. John expected to be reprimanded severely on entering the door, but neither father nor son said anything to him. They considered "mother" equal to the emergency, and the case was altogether in her hands. They all became seated at table soon as wet garments were exchanged for dry ones. John kept looking out of the "corners of his eyes" to see if his supper was to be abridged for his conduct, he somehow felt as though he did not deserve such a nice supper after making so much trouble, and when a nice piece of pie was put upon his plate he ventured to look up, and his eye caught his mother's. She looked so sad and tired and kind, that John began to feel that it was worse to be a bad boy here at his new, nice home than it was in New York, and he almost resolved never to stay when on an errand again, but to leave off all street sports seemed to him like divesting life of all its interest. All his kites, balls, books, garden and chickens seemed rather dull sport when compared to a few game-plays with some street boys. Common business we know is very dull to the dandy gamester. Changing habits is like turning a curve in a rail-road track, its process is slow.

After supper John had his books as usual for an hour, read promptly his afternoon lessons, indeed he really wished he had not done so wrong to-day, for they all seemed to look sober and sorry on his account; but he had always been accustomed to that kind of plays, and could not see the harm in it. Older heads than John's couldn't see any harm in it that day; no, they couldn't see the harm in any kind of sin or vice.

When eight o'clock came, John's bed-time, his mother took him into his sleeping-room, and with streaming tears, told him she must punish him severely for not returning when she told him. This was the third time he had disobeyed her in this way. She felt the duty was heavier to do than it had ever been with her own child, but stern conscience told her she must not relax a muscle. She felt that the world was full of lying, gambling men, that one good rod applied in boyhood at the right time might have saved them to virtuous society and friends. She had used all other means in her power, and this was her last resort. John began to beg and promise, but her love was of a decided kind which did not "spare for his crying." Hers was a saving love, not a ruining love, as her own "six-footer" attested. She did not leave John until she thought the impression was effectually made on his mind, that it was much the best way to return according to his promise and her request, when he was sent on errands. She then sat down on his nice little couch, put her arms around him, told

him what a poor, homeless little orphan he was, that she would be a mother to him and loved him too well to let him grow up a wicked man. John's heart broke open more in earnest and he began to think her tears meant something, for he never had any one cry over him before, so their tears ran down together. All the discipline the child had ever had was a knock or a kick, with a "get out of the house." Mrs. B. kept thinking all the time, supposing I had been the mother that had died, and my son had fallen into other hands, how should I want others to do by him. That is an exact rule, mothers apply it often. When she returned to the parlor, it was nine o'clock, a hard hour's work it had been to her. Family prayers came next, and all three took an active part and all remembered John as the "dear boy under our roof." John overheard it, and he was heard sobbing afresh, he really began to think it was best to obey his mother and try to be a good boy, and leave off his street habits and talk.

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE THREE CHILDREN AND THEIR JOURNEY.

"I saw in my dream——" "Please, aunt Alice, they all begin so." "Well, Gracie, I saw in my dream three children upon a journey. It was one they must take, they could not go back; they could not rest, they must go on. Each walked in her own path, for there were many, and all equally dark before them; yet they were together, for the way was one. Sometimes these paths were rugged, sometimes smooth and flowery, and the soft grass made them look pleasant, though they ended in a deep darkness that cast a dull, heavy shadow all the way back. It was full of danger, too; but the children seemed quite unconscious of this, and only when they met some fearful thing, or fell over some hindrance in their way, or felt the blight and sickness the dark, unhealthy shadow caused, did they seem to think where they were, or how their journey would end. Then, indeed, for awhile they would walk more thoughtfully, and sometimes consult the guide-posts that were along the road; some of these were in such deep shadow that, when they could be read at all, they only led into greater danger; but a guiding influence drew these children, at such times, towards those around which a faint light glimmered that always grew brighter, as they read with attention, and always pointed towards another path, over the hills, steep and narrow, and very straight, that lay in shadow like the first, but all along which lights were hung out so that no one need mistake the way or walk in darkness. At intervals there were quiet resting-places, and gardens enclosed, shaded by balm and cedar trees, while a living stream ran murmuring

along by the wayside. Around these, a soft twilight hovered as from a glory of another land over the hills; for, though at its entrance the way looked hard and uninviting, with always an upward tendency, it ended in a cloud, bright and golden-fringed, that as I gazed, seemed lifted, and I saw, as it were, a cross and a throne, and a 'paved work of a sapphire stone; a rainbow was about the throne and upon it was the appearance of a man.' I wondered the children did not at once enter this path, till I saw the deathly shadow of the broad way they walked in had so clouded their senses that they could not see the glory in which it ended, or the beauty and gladness of its pleasant rests, or hear the soft music that ever and anon, came floating on the air. And I pitied the children and wished some one would cause them to see and hear, and turn their feet into the narrow way, and then I saw a form was by each, and the light that shone upon the guide-posts came from a staff in his hand that was like a cross. His countenance was so gloriously beautiful I could not look upon it. To the children he was invisible; yet at times they seemed conscious of his guidance, for often when they came to deep pitfalls, or miry places they did not see, he lifted them gently over to the other side, and often, when growing more careless and wandering still farther from the right path, he placed hindrances in their way. Always then, he came a little out of the shadow, and drew nearer to them, and sometimes they would pause and look around as if to see from whence the light came. One of the children they called Amy, grew more and more thoughtful as she went on, consulting more frequently the directions upon which the light shone, and then gazing long and earnestly for the form, that as yet, to her, was only faintly shadowed in the air; yet the form was there, and very near her, and the hand that held the cross was stretched out invitingly, she had but to place her hand in his and walk with him in the narrow way; and I longed exceedingly for the child, and trembled, when her companions sought to annoy her and withdraw her attention to other things, but she did not heed them; she looked anxious and perplexed, but very earnest, and more and more the form came out of the shadow, and held near her the cross in his hand, until she looked up and saw it, when, with a heart-cry, she fell down before him. With that hand he gently raised her, and then I saw it was a pierced hand. It was a sweet and peaceful face, from which all shadow had passed, that looked up, yet saw not the face of the invisible one; but her hand was in his, and she turned at once into the narrow way. I followed her awhile, as she passed straight on, leaning ever more trustfully upon her guide, sometimes through rough places where the sharp stones cut her feet, sometimes weary and faint, but ever held up and comforted, while 'the green pastures' and 'the still waters' made her forget all sorrow

and toil; and when I saw her last she was still leaning upon her guide, looking up to the beauty of that face, as yet but dimly seen, while, all unconsciously, its light was reflected upon her own.

I thought I heard the sound of one weeping, and looking back, I saw, quite at the entrance of the path in which Amy walked, one of her companions, who had gone with her thus far, the light-hearted Lena, 'Amy, Amy,' she cried, 'come back, come back to me, there is time enough to walk in the hard rough path,' and though Amy was so far away the children could still talk with each other, and she seemed pleading with Lena, and the Form came out, light and pale in the twilight, but she turned aside and joined children, who were still farther away from the upward path; they thought and talked of nothing but the things around them, and Lena seemed to forget Amy and the end of her journey, and the Form went quite away into the shadow.

At last evening came on, and the chill air frightened her. She turned from her companions and tried to find her way back to Amy, but she had lost the way. Her pleasant things seemed taken from her by the Invisible One, to make her turn. He came near to her, thin and shadowy, the poor child did not see, she lay on the cold ground pale and worn with sorrow for the loss of what she had loved. Still nearer the Form came to her, even touched her, and a voice like the softest music murmured, "this is not your rest," the child seemed to hear it too, for she rose and tried to find the way back, but she did not look for the Guiding One, she did not place her hand in His, held out to her, and the Form followed her sadly. I watched them on in the darkness till I could see them no more."

"Is that all, Alice? You said there were three children, what became of the third?"

"She had wandered away in a by-path, quite out of sight of Amy, and was one of the companions Lena joined when she turned aside from the narrow way. The child seemed dazzled by her gay dress and light laughter, and she did not perceive how hollow was the mirth, or how stained and defiled were her garments; and I feared, even the last I saw of Lena, she would grieve her Guide quite away, and go back to those companions."

"Oh, Alice, it cannot be—did you not mean Amy for cousin Bertha, and Lena for your poor Gracie?"

"I *did* mean it so, Gracie."

"You said, Aunt Alice, that the darkness in which the broad way ended, cast its shadow all the way back, and over the upward path too, what did you mean it for?"

"Do you remember the answer to the question, 'Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?'"

"Oh, yes, I understand—but the narrow way ended in a cross, and a throne, and a sapphire-stone, and the 'appearance of a

man,' was you thinking of that other answer about 'the Redeemer of God's elect?' and what was the sapphire stone? I know in the Revelation it says, 'there was a rainbow about the throne.'"

"Moses, Ezekiel and John all saw this appearance in vision, and John tells us that He that sat upon the throne, was to look upon, like a jasper and a sardine stone. If jasper is the same or like the agate, you know the beautiful lines of color in that stone, it is a similar comparison to the rainbow about the throne. When we first look up to the home our Father has prepared for us when life's journey is over, we see only the splendor of His sovereignty and almightiness, but as we dwell upon the character of God and Christ, as revealed to us, we see the attributes of God or what God is—His wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness and truth, like so many bands of light and beauty. The golden ray of His truth, the crimson band of His justice, while the glory that surrounds His throne is the blended hues of all His perfections, in the pure white of His holiness; and as Moses in his vision saw 'the pavement under His feet like a sapphire stone,' so all of God, is pledged in His covenant of mercy, 'the redemption purchased by Christ,' the mild azure hue of His imperishable love and truth. The rest of the story you understand, do you not?"

'The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.'

There are many pleasures in this life too, placed in our way, and especially designed for us by God."

"You seem to make it a pleasant thing to be a Christian, Aunt Alice. I have always thought of it as gloomy and hard, to be always watching, always giving up, to read no thing but the Bible and good books. I never *could* love to read very pious books, they seem tiresome and stupid, and—you will think me very wicked, auntie, but indeed the hardest will be, the way the girls will watch and whisper about me, and the speeches they will make, I know how they plagued Bertha."

"Do they trouble Bertha now?"

"Not much, I do believe she has more friends than any girl in school; they respect her so, too."

"It has not harmed *her* then, why should it *you*? The obstacles in the upward path are often placed there by ourselves, they are simply resistance to right-doing; a willing, cheerful obedience will make what seems hard, light and easy. 'This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous.' Do you remember in the 'Combatants' though Bertram and Eustice fought so hard, little Ernest, leaning on the arm of Grace, wondered when the conflict would begin, he saw no foes to meet. You would not complain that the little self-denials you might be

called upon to assume, for one you dearly loved, were hard or disagreeable duties. But what do you call 'very pious books'?"

"Why, the 'Rise and Progress' and 'Persuasive to Early Piety,' 'Nathan Dickerman,' and such kind."

"I don't think the two first very interesting reading myself, and little Nathan's disease, and the certainty of his early death, made him a peculiar child. But you like the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the 'Persian Flower' and many more I could name."

"Oh, yes, I don't know how many times I have read parts of the Pilgrim's Progress, but I could never be like Judith Perkins or"—

"If you are a true, useful, loving, Christian child, it is all God requires. You need not try to make yourself what He never designed you to be. It is best that now, and until this one great question is settled, you should avoid all reading, all company, everything likely to withdraw your attention from this one thing. God has come very near to you many times, He is near you now, will you not give yourself to Him, to be His child, will you not say from this time, 'My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth?'"

"I want to, Alice, but yet my heart draws back."

"Go to Him, ask Him to take away this reluctant heart, give it up to Him just as it is, believe that He hears you, then 'follow on to know Him.' We must talk no more to-night, here is your lamp, and now, good-night, just as this little taper will light your way, step by step, along the dark hall, and up the stairway to your room, so, guided by Him, who, though not seen, you may love, and trying to please Him, He will bring you out into His light and love. Don't you remember the hymn we read this morning."

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

ETHEL.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

PRAYING AND LIVING.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"To live more nearly as I pray," is the desire, unuttered or expressed, of every soul that has any tendency upward, and, oh! if it were but granted us, as it would be if we sought aright, how many more true, consistent Christians would there be. It is difficult to preserve the same spirit in our intercourse with the world that characterizes our private devotions. When we go out from our closet, we too often leave there our faith, our hope, our patience and our charity. Some untoward event befalls us, deranging our plans for business or pleasure, and we forget that the same kind Providence is manifest in the storm as well as the sunshine. We speak of the future, and look despondingly at the dark clouds gathering in the horizon. If

an earthly support fail us, we forget that "underneath us are the everlasting Arms," that He in whom we profess to put our trust can never leave nor forsake us. And, oh! how often are we impatient and fretful, how prone to forget all the patterns of long-suffering and patient endurance set before us.

Our petty trials and vexations—how they undermine our good resolutions, and we are betrayed into looks and words of harshness, perhaps of anger, thus wounding the human hearts around us, but more than all the divine Heart, which, beating with infinite compassion for our frail mortality, would have us cast all our cares upon Him, for He careth for us. Then, when we are tempted to utter a hasty word, when an unkind or morose expression disfigures our countenance, which should be the reflection of a calm and tranquil mind, let us lift up our souls in earnest prayer to Him who alone can give us the victory over these "foes within." But perhaps no one petition is more at variance with our daily conduct, than that taught us by our Lord and Saviour, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

What a prayer is that for most of us to offer! If it were measured to us with the same measure that we mete it out to others, the meagre pittance would not deserve the name of forgiveness; at the best, it would be a mere toleration; for that is often the most we allow to those whose real or fancied injuries rankle in our hearts, poisoning the fount of kind and gentle feelings. Do we meet them with an outstretched hand and warm pressure? Ah! no, our greeting, if uttered at all, is in cold, measured tones; but more likely we pass them by with an averted glance, and say in our hearts, "I may forgive, but I can never forget!" Yet we would be no advocate of hypocrisy; some there are whom we could not conscientiously meet in a cordial manner; yet from them we must not withhold the boon of a free pardon. We are not to sit in judgment upon our fellow-mortals; that is God's prerogative. But whatever the wrong whose memory still remains fresh in our minds, let us not dwell upon it, but lay it aside in the secret chamber of our heart, or, as another has said, bury the old grudges in a grave both deep and wide; what better inscription could we place upon that sepulchre than this, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

There is something very discouraging in this constant discrepancy between what we would be and what we are. Our prayers and our lives seldom run in parallel lines. One may be on the mount of transfiguration, the other in the wilderness of temptation. Or it may be that our prayers are cold and lifeless, and we receive not because we ask not aright those blessings which we need.

It must ever be thus in some degree; we are not permitted to build a tabernacle on the holy mount and there remain in intimate communion with God and glorified spirits; we must descend again into the world—that faithless,

wicked world, where we have so much to contend with, and where we catch not a single glimpse of the bright, overshadowing cloud, whence so short a time before proceeded the heavenly voice. Not till we cast aside these frail, sinful bodies, will our lives keep pace with our sanctified desires. The Christian life is indeed a warfare, and if we come off conquerors, "thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ," for verily of ourselves we can do nothing.

NOTHING TO SPARE.

"I HAVE found nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour, when you and I, and all pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in your skirts! Standing, as I now do, in the sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth Omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly avow that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains of all the people in America to embark together to carry the gospel to him.

Place your soul in his soul's stead; or rather consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the Church, how hard would it seem for your neighbors to neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the gospel to you! My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn.—E. D. Griffin, D. D.

The "heathen at home" North and South, who know not the gospel because none have taught them, but who are within the reach of our churches, on our city side walks where we pass them daily, on plantations where the Bible would be a solace, should we not also "place our soul in their souls' stead?"

NEARER HOME.

"Heaven is my Father-land,
Heaven is my home."

O'ER the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on:
Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still 'tis sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the sailor,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1862.

CLUB PAPERS.—By a regulation of the Post-Office Department, it is made the duty of Deputy Postmasters to distribute newspapers, (sent in Clubs to one address,) to the individual subscribers, on being furnished with a list of their names, and also being paid the POSTAGE in advance, for the quarter or year, at the option of the subscriber.

PASSING EVENTS.

"Ye shall remember all the way in which the Lord your God hath led you."—Bible.

IN 1857, all unlooked for and without apparent cause, a commercial crisis occurred, turning and overturning human calculations, causing wealth to take wings, and the best hopes of the worldling to perish. In all the marts of trade men's faces wore a troubled aspect, and a voice seemed to whisper, "Soul, thou hast not much goods laid up for many years," "Set your affections on things above," "Use the world as not abusing it, for the fashion thereof passeth away." A few months later and in the same circles a voice divine had so spoken to the secret heart of "durable riches and righteousness" that all lesser things had dwindled to their own

comparative insignificance. Boards of trade were forsaken at noon-day for the house of prayer, where spiritual revealings of eternal realities came to the inner being and the pearl of great price seemed the only pearl, worthy the toil and care by so many given supremely to the things that perish. Who could doubt that the invisible hand of God was in all this, that He had smitten to save, blighted earthly gourds that the eye of redeemed thousands might be directed to the tree of life.

"Is not this almost a miracle? or as if an angel spoke?" were queries once and again suggested by passing events. The tide of divine influence moved on through our own and other lands. Severe discipline had come; then this glorious outpouring of the Spirit, and yet, as a nation, we did not begin to acknowledge Him in all our ways, bringing all the tithes into His storehouse, remembering those in bonds, as required by His word, breaking every yoke, putting away all our transgressions, and regarding our manifold blessings, not as acquired by merit or birthright, but as the free gift of One who has loved us even unto death, and who justly requires our cheerful and grateful obedience.

Pride, fulness of bread, covetousness, selfishness in all its offensive forms, still held sway in high and low places, the voice of a brother's blood still sent up its cry to Heaven, "the prayer of the humble," having the divine promise that it should be heard, ceased not day and night, and soon, over this great people, for more than eighty years peaceful and prosperous, the clouds of war sent up a lurid glare, till as a dream when one awaketh, death and destruction on the field of battle, echoed from sea to sea. Retribution had come at last. Inquisition for blood! sentence against an evil work was being executed, and the hearts of the children of men, so long fully set in them to do evil, were now failing them for fear. We look back upon the prolonged season of conflict, not yet ended, recount its victories and defeats, see our beloved country spread out as a map before the mind's eye, the many sections once fertile and beautiful, now scathed by the march of contending armies, pause before the fields of strife still reeking with the blood of the slain, and then at the numerous hospitals where the strength of manhood and vigor of youth are smitten with ghastly wounds or wasting fevers, and death is changing the countenance, and cutting short useful lives. As from this standpoint we contemplate the countless home altars where the iron has

entered the soul too deep for earthly skill to remove, where stricken parents, widowed wives, fatherless children, grief-stricken kindred weep in silence, the heart swells with sympathy, and we seem instinctively to join the bereaved in their grief, but words fail us, and we can only lift the earnest petition that the Infinite Comforter will soothe and sanctify their deep affliction.

How much might have been done to elevate and bless mankind, by a far less sacrifice of life and treasure, than has been laid at the shrine of this cruel rebellion.

This dark picture would present no relieving shades were it not that indications that through this fearful ordeal, divine Providence is about to seal the doom of slavery, are steadily increasing. The prohibition of the slave trade, and condign punishment of offenders, the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the act—now a law—to prohibit its existence throughout the territories of the United States, are events that touch the sympathies of millions. Respecting the latter it has been well said:

"Had this act been passed in 1784—when Mr. Jefferson proposed one essentially the same—the fratricidal war in which we are now involved would never have existed. There would have been no rebellion in the country during this century; for though ambitious and unprincipled men might have sought to foment one, the ailment of popular ignorance, blind credulity, and savage ferocity on which Treason now gloats, would have no where been found. One Hundred Thousand School-houses would by this time have existed in a region where there are not to-day five thousand. Industry, the useful arts, production, commerce, would have been developed to an extent now undreamed of."

Bancroft in a recent address before the N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association, remarked:

"If the opinions of Washington on slavery and on the slave trade had been respected, the country would have escaped all the calamity of the present civil war. The famous Fairfax meeting, at which Washington presided, on the 18th of July, 1774, led public opinion in declaring that it was 'the most earnest wish of America to see an entire stop forever put to the wicked, cruel and unnatural trade in slaves.' The traffic was then condemned as an immorality and crime. The sentiment was thoroughly American, and became the tradition—the living faith of the people. The centuries clasp hands and repeat it one to another."

The "compensated emancipation," proposed by our President, is said to be working like leaven in the border states, and promis-

ing important results. All admit that public sentiment is rapidly advancing, and the conviction becoming more and more extended that the prime cause of the rebellion is an agency of Satan in league with every type of disobedience to God; and as such an "Antichrist," to be destroyed ere He shall reign, whose right it is, King of nations as He is king of saints.

What shall be the developments of one, two or five years to come? Shall they bring displays of Divine power and mercy in restoring peace and purity—subduing the world to Himself? Shall they bring "the brightness of His coming" in the wonderful effusions of His Spirit, pervading all hearts? the binding of the Prince of darkness that he go out to deceive the nations no more?

"God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain."

Not one jot or tittle of what He hath spoken shall fail, till all be fulfilled.

HOUSEHOLD HELPERS.

THE following reminiscence, from the "Home Monthly," will interest housekeepers less fortunate than the esteemed writer, in their domestic arrangements. The examples here given of permanent faithfulness and affection on the part of household helpers, are alike creditable to employer and employed, and eminently suggestive of the Christian duty of treatment in this relation that shall tend to similar results. We know of none earning their bread by the sweat of the brow who more need the guiding, sustaining influences of true religion in the soul than the hired household assistant.

Her labors, if rightly executed, are often arduous and responsible, requiring skill, patience, industry and principle, grace in the heart that shall fill the mind with thoughts of laying up treasure in heaven, produce contentment with her allotted sphere, cheerful endurance of its trials, the laudable desire to be useful in her calling, and an example of whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report. However much there may be of wrong, needing to be mended on the part of too many employers, and for which obedience to the law of love is the only remedy, a great gain on the score of present interest, daily enjoyment and permanent well-being would be secured by family assistants were they to follow the example of the good woman described by Mrs. Sigourney. At the age of fourscore years, she had lived in but three different places, was a true follower of the Saviour, and had so lived that when

death came, none who knew her most intimately, could doubt her preparation for a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S EXPERIENCE.

It has been my good fortune to have employed several, who were faithful in their service, and reciprocated every expression of kindness. This alleviated, on their part, any sense of hardship, and made their exertions a pleasure. I greatly valued every evidence of their attachment, and, though the complexion of some of them had a darker shade, they were to me as my own flesh and blood. Indeed, those of the latter description have seemed to me inclined to put more heart into their work, and therefore to call more forth in return. Twenty-five years was I served by such an one, to whom our interests were her own, who delighted to see our guests, exulted in our joys, and in our bereavements sympathized. Difference of color was no barrier to friendship, and since her death, the desire of being served from personal regard still remains with me, a search,—perhaps an illusion.

I should like to speak of another, whose face and form are among my earliest recollections. She was not of the African race, but a specimen of the honest New England character, and a native of beautiful Norwich, my own birthplace. She must have been in full prime when I first remember her and her attentions to my childhood. An adept was she in the culinary art, in neatness, the spirit of order, and the care over every article that appertained to her dominion. Of the virtues that belonged to the sphere of unassuming industry, she was a model. Possessed of good capacities, diligent, truthful, and not lightly given to change, the hearts of those whom she served might safely trust in her. The integrity and punctuality which were essentials in the training of the olden time, were inherent in her character, and from their habitual practice no temptation caused her to swerve. She had a deep respect for knowledge, and employed her intervals of leisure in the perusal of useful books. Whatever she undertook was well and thoroughly done, and the interests of those under whose roof she dwelt were her own. Great kindness of heart had she for the sick and sorrowful, and spared no pains either in nights of watching or other offices of aid, to relieve them, according to her ability. She had a sense of propriety and a wisdom of speech, for she was not given to much talking, which won the respect of all who knew her.

When age drew over her, having been for years the faithful assistant of beloved friends of mine, her place was in the chimney-corner of their spacious and nicely-furnished kitchen, and her occupation to superintend their other servants. Their reliance on her was entire, and never disappointed. They could leave home without anxiety, knowing that their

wishes would be carried out as perfectly as in their presence, and that her example to the younger ones would be consistent and salutary. By economical expenditure, and carefully laying aside the surplus of her wages, she was enabled to participate in the charities of the day, and to show an untiring liberality to such of her kindred as needed aid.

It is a remarkable fact, in these days of household fluctuation, that during her long life of four score and four years, she had lived but at three different places, after the attainment of her majority left her free to choose a home. This proves not only her constancy of goodness, but their power of appreciation who employed her, and the praise of both.

After the death of the benefactors with whom she had happily dwelt for almost half a century, she returned to the scenes where she first drew breath, that she might have the nursing care of sorrowing relatives. The solace of religion attended her, for she was a true follower of the Saviour, and had been enrolled with His visible flock from her early youth. The weight of years, and the loneliness of one who had outlived most of those with whom life began, led her to lean more entirely and tenderly on Him, and His grace was sufficient for her. There was peace in her soul until the last.

Venerated friend, farewell! Thy useful, contented, unblemished course is complete. May we have strength to be faithful like thee, in all life's duties, and calmly to meet its close, with a conscience "void of offense towards God and towards man."

"WAS NOT—FOR GOD TOOK HER."

"THERE'S a light in the window for thee,"

Chimes softly upon the heart-strings, as we contemplate the removal of another precious helper from earth's tenderest ties. We had known and loved her long, but had not learned of her departure to the better country till the receipt of the following notice in "Friends' Review."

DIED, at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the 18th of 11th month, Anna T., wife of Cyrus Mendenhall, and daughter of David and Rebecca T. Updegraff, aged 41 years.

The life of this precious and beloved friend has been peculiarly a walk with God. Endowed with warm feelings and bright intellect, these appear to have been early brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. From her youth the idea of duty seemed paramount to all selfish gratifications, and solemnly impressed with the value of the passing moments, it was continually her desire to be performing her duty now. She was thus stimulated to unobtrusive works of love to her fellow beings, and her continuous gentle deeds have left a sweet fragrance, which lingers over a large extent of country. Having occasion to spend

parts of two winters in the capital of her native State, she devoted much time in the Penitentiary, in First-day instruction and in daily visits, and the effects of her efforts are, in part, known to many. To the poor and the sinful her visits of love have been most impressive and valuable. She was an humble, dedicated Christian, sound in the faith once delivered to the saints, "A faith in daily striving and performance shown."

On the day of her decease, after numerous incidents and expressions which are fondly cherished, during a sweet and gentle conversation, in the midst of an unfinished sentence, without symptom or struggle, or pang, she suddenly ceased to breathe, and "was not, for God took her." "Blessed is that servant, whose Lord, when He cometh, shall find so watching."

A letter accompanying the foregoing says of her:

"She had from the origin of the *Advocate*, and the establishment of the Home, been their warm and untiring friend. She regarded the *Advocate* as invaluable; as indispensable in her household; and never failed, when opportunity presented, to recommend it wherever and to whomsoever it was not known. Many hundreds in several states of the Union, and even beyond, now the recipients of the good it dispenses, directly or indirectly owe their first knowledge of it to her instrumentality. All branches of Christian philanthropy found in her an earnest advocate and helper. She was especially tireless in all charming and beautiful ways of influencing little children, and leading them to the knowledge and love of Christ the Saviour; and many do, and will bless her memory for the good seed thus sown."

Some of the sweetest articles in our Children's Department were from her gifted pen. In her removal to the heavenly mansion, the dear children have lost a friend indeed. Her beloved kindred, in whose circle she was ever the light of home, find solace only in the thought that the stroke which removed her from their side, was sent in love, and translated her to the reward of a life "hid with Christ in God."

On whom shall her mantle fall? Who shall fill her place in works of love and mercy in which she so delighted to render service to the blessed Master? "Help, Lord, for the faithful fail."

"TAKE ME A THOUSAND MILES FROM MY MOTHER."

SUCH was the importunate plea of two children, who recently found protection and needed aid at the Home. They had become injured to early sorrows more bitter than those of orphanage. Homeless and deso-

late, often had they seen the being they called mother sink upon the pavement, the lost victim of intoxication, wallowing in moral pollution,

"Selling her soul to whoever would buy," reckless of consequences. So lost was she to every maternal instinct, that she was ready to sacrifice the temporal and eternal well-being of her friendless young daughters, for the means to gratify her base desires.

Keenly sensible of the wrongs to which they were exposed, when a friendly hand was extended for their rescue, the heart-breathed request was prompted, "Please take me a thousand miles away from my mother!"

O, Sin! thou direst enemy of man, what moral wrecks dost thou strew along the shores of Time, obliterating every trace of what is lovely; who would be thy willing votary, who choose thy service and receive thy wages, here and forever?

Good homes have been provided for these young sisters. Shall they not, in answer to prayer, experience the blessed assurance, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

HOME CHARITY BAZAAR.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, July 2d, in view of the necessities incident to the increased work and wants of the Society, after due consideration, it was unanimously resolved to hold another Bazaar, (D. V.) for the benefit of the Institution, at the Home Chapel, in December next.

A circular will be issued for the use of friends abroad, who will kindly aid in preparing articles, &c., and may be had on application at our Publishing Office.

For the Advocate and Guardian. ASKING.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." What more could we desire? Would the fulness and freeness of the divine goodness seem to us better proved if we were to receive without asking? It is a privilege, a rare, exquisite pleasure for love to ask of love. God who made us and who understands the delicate sensibilities of the human heart better than we do, in infinite wisdom has ordained prayer as a duty, for this very reason, that by use its preciousness and hidden value might be brought out to our experience. This it is which discloses to us the adaptedness and worth of the blessing conveyed. It is this which prepares the heart as an emptied and garnished cup for its reception; and the divine readiness to hear and respond to our requests, is unquestionably one of the sweetest ingredients in the gift received.

It is because asking has thus been constituted the channel for receiving, that we are led to observe more narrowly our necessities, and to feel them more sensibly. It is thus we are led more distinctly to recognize our dependence on resources beyond our own. By this means God has been able to reveal Himself more clearly as "Our Father," caring ever for His children, and more ready to give good things to them that ask Him, than earthly parents are to give good things unto their children. How pleasant it is to go to a loving Father to tell our wants and wishes, and from His open hand to obtain supplies. What child of God does not know this by delightful experience, and thank God from the depths of his heart, that through the pathway of duty, and, perchance of trial, he has been led to know it?

If every want of our nature were anticipated, indifference and ingratitude to the Giver, and an undervaluing of the gift would be the very natural consequence. Everything would be received and reckoned upon as a matter of course, and pride and self-sufficiency, instead of affection and thankfulness would overspread the heart. Is it not thus that our most common and constant blessings are too often received? The sunlight that cheers us with such undeviating regularity, the air and water without which we could not exist, the darkness of night which makes rest from labor necessary, and induces refreshing sleep, all these, though by no means the least of our Heavenly Father's gifts, are so constantly bestowed on the good and the evil, the thankful and the unthankful, that we often fail to number them with our daily mercies. Even health is so commonly granted, that unless one is brought by the dire experience of pain and weary watchings to know the luxury of it, we hardly think of mentioning it in our enumeration of mercies. How wonderful it is that in this world, where every element of good is also an element of danger, and made as we are with an organism so delicate and complicated, that the snapping of a single string would produce agonizing disorder and confusion in the whole, how wonderful it is that we are kept daily, nightly, hourly, as in the hollow of the Almighty hand, guarded and protected from fearful casualty and instant destruction. Yet God keeps us thus uninterruptedly without our asking. Is it not true that our commonest blessings, because we are not brought by actual necessity to pray for them, are really little appreciated and esteemed?

But to whom can the morsel of food come so sweet as to that humble child of God who has been driven by the very pinchings of want to the foot of the Father's throne, to plead in trembling accents, "Give us this day our daily bread?" The Father opens His hand and by some human instrumentality—all and always at His control—grants the gift. The hunger is appeased, but is this all? No, it is not the half of the blessing. The feeling of nearness to the good Father, a realization of His un-

bounded resources, the condescension which in the midst of His greatness and stupendous government can stoop to regard our little wants, His promptness to hear and answer our requests, beget in the soul such admiration and love, that it seems really a mercy that has brought us to the utter necessity of asking, since in no other way could we have known the blessedness of receiving. So the Christian is brought into great variety of straits, that in his distresses he may learn where his help lies, may know the restful looking-up of the child to the loving parent heart, and may have the soul stirred to its very depths with emotions of "wonder, love and praise," at the readiness and royal fulness with which his cries for help are met and answered. Even "before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear," says God. And so it often really happens, that before we have definitely uttered the prayer which necessity calls for, the wish is granted and the burden removed. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

Full as the Old Testament is of encouragements to prayer, the New Testament supplies us with a still sweeter element in the delightful duty and privilege. Jesus says, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name." You have presented all your petitions to God as your Father and only Helper, and having no merits of your own to plead, you have fallen back on His infinite compassion, and through His plenteous mercy you have received what you needed. But now that you know me, go, ask in my name, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He shall give it you."

It is very pleasant to receive favors from our earthly friends for the sake of those mutually beloved, but, oh, how inexpressibly pleasant to go to God, and conscious of our own unworthiness, to feel that we are permitted freely to make use of the name, and hold up the excellences of a Friend constant and true, the very mention of whom is ever, and to the fullest extent, a passport to the Father's heart. For His sake who is the beloved of the Father, the accepted of heaven, we may now ask what we will and it shall be given. Who could desire a greater privilege? What greater privilege could be granted? Let us not scruple then to use it. Let us not turn away from the open door of the King's palace, but enter in, and eat and drink abundantly and in the strength thereby received go on our way to Zion rejoicing.

H. E. B.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

AUGUSTA

BY KATE CAMERON.

'Tis June, of all the year the gem,
Fair Summer's rosy diadem;
Its roses bring such thoughts with them.

Again I seem to see them shine,
Sweet friend, those starry eyes of thine;
Which looked and answered back to mine.

These soul-lit eyes, that brow of snow,
We could not keep with us below;
God called—and thou wert glad to go.

And could we mourn that thou shouldst rise
Again to thine own native skies:
And leave behind earth's weaker ties.

For pain walked ever by thy side,
Thus were thy faith and patience tried;
And thus thy spirit purified.

'Twas June, dear one, when last we met,
Those hours I never can forget;
The roses whisper of them yet.

And June again, beheld me stand,
Beside thy grave by soft winds fanned;
With drooping roses in my hand.

Now, in a brighter world than this,
'Mid fadeless flowers, and perfect bliss,
I know thy spirit's dwelling is.

There may we meet, no more to part,
Among God's chosen pure in heart;
Where smiles ne'er dim, and tears ne'er start.

SAID E. L. E. "I have thought much of late of the request of the inquiring Greeks. It has come to me, in every hour of duty and repose." Then followed the incident which led to this train of thought and a very sweet hymn on "Communion with the Beloved," which a friend to whom it was sent has obtained permission to send to the *Advocate and Guardian*.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

THERE is a holy magic in the name of Jesus! How almost like an instinct we turn to that dear name when the sources of earthly hope and pleasure are cut off, and the disappointed heart shrinks back to its own weakness and sorrow. We whose infancy was taught to reverence the name of Jesus could hardly wander so far from Him, but that the sound of the once sacred word would at some time thrill our souls with awe and fear and trust.

A lady who had in early youth made a profession of religion, and afterward had become a skeptic, one day called on a friend who handed her a tattered bit of old newspaper. She then read the description of the person of our Saviour, assumed to have been written by a Roman President during the time of Christ's public ministry. The lady read the brief account, and though doubting the authenticity of the document read again. Strange sensations passed through her whole body. She felt the blood tingle and throb through her veins and flush her cheeks, and but for the presence of others, she would have given vent to her feelings in weeping. It was like receiving a fresh message from a dear friend so long dead, that the mist of forgetfulness was gathering over her heart. She began to inquire what was the mysterious charm of that name, which had so deeply moved her. And she could no longer make herself believe that she had no confidence in the claims of Jesus. That unexpected recognition haunted her, and at length she found peace and forgiveness in His blood.

"We would see Jesus!" It is the heart

which cries out for a sight of the Beloved; other asking is in vain. The heart neither coldly reasons nor coldly believes. It loves with ardor, adores with rapture and obeys with zeal. No suppliant heart was ever spurned from Jesus' feet.

So we found in our sweet experience, as a little group of loving disciples met at the house of an aged member of our church. Protracted infirmities had, for many years, prevented her attendance on religious worship, and she had desired to enjoy one more communion season. This, for her sake had been anticipated with peculiar pleasure by us all. The character of the Redeemer had never to me, seemed more lovely—His great mission never more God-like in its conception or fulfillment. For I had been reading, in the morning, the story of His wondrous life as He walked with the Judeans, and shed the blessing of His infinite compassion upon the sick and sorrowing. And as I sat in the twilight dimness of the old-fashioned apartment, over which the thick cloud of a thunder-shower was brooding; the pastor's text, as he announced it in the language of the Greeks, was but the cry of my own heart, "I, too, would see Jesus!"

I will not dwell upon the discourse, which was brief and appropriate. Then a prayer was offered, the bread broken and wine poured out in memory of that Jesus whose presence our yearning hearts had implored. We were but twelve, and with the One unseen of human eye, just the number assembled in that "upper room." Our hearts were full of sweet remembrance of that first sacred supper, and of sweeter anticipations of the coming feast, when no question of betrayal shall agitate the guests and no one, as then, have need to ask, Lord, is it I?

The aged disciple was tenderly remembered again in the pastor's petitions; our hearts invoked in silence a blessing for her household, and so we parted. As we withdrew from that humble roof, with the spiritual vision purified, love quickened, and faith exalted, could we not all exclaim, of a truth, "We have seen Jesus."

The recollection of that season of communion awakened the following reflections:

How sweet the hour when friend with friend
A fond and pure communion holds,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
And thought to thought its life unfolds.

But sweeter still the hallowed place
Where Jesus deigns His friends to meet,
And show His love with heavenly grace,
And all its wondrous forms repeat.

He spreads a feast of costlier fare
Than monarch decked in regal state,
Not angels the rich dainties share,
Or seraphs on its service wait.

For fallen man, redeemed, forgiven
The sumptuous board alone is spread,
With Bread of life—the Bread of Heaven,
And wine, the blood for sinners shed.

"Come," says the Master, "and partake,
In sweet remembrance of my love,
This cup the thirst of earth shall slake
This bread the hunger-pain remove."

We come, dear Saviour, in thy name,
This banquet of the soul to share,
The covenant of Thy death to claim
And rest our whole dependence there.

O, Saviour, may Thy kindness give
One crumb, one precious drop to me,
So shall my famished soul revive
And all my being live in Thee.

E. L. E.

Maple Hill.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

READER, did you ever feel, when performing acts of charity for those who were really needy and distressed, that the hearts of the recipients swelled with emotion and gratitude toward their benefactors? Did you witness the glad smile that lit up the countenance, and see the expressions of thankfulness that the tongue could not utter, and not feel more than paid for your kindness? Did you ever relieve the wants of the poor, or endeavor to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted and the unfortunate, and not feel that "it is more blessed to give than to receive?" Especially, if you do these deeds of benevolence from a pure, Christian motive, you will feel the approval of your Heavenly Father, and experience great pleasure in so doing. And what can afford more pleasure than the satisfaction of knowing that God is well-pleased with our efforts to do good?

I never realized more fully the truth and force of the passage of Scripture quoted above than by an incident that recently occurred in my own neighborhood. A family that has suffered much from sickness, and has felt the want of even the ordinary comforts of life, was lately made the recipient of a handsome donation on this wise; a lady hearing of their destitution, and having her sympathies enlisted in their behalf, thought she would go around among her neighbors and friends, and see what could be done for them. The result was, that with some contributions from the gentlemen, with which to purchase the materials, the ladies met one afternoon, made up some garments for the children, cushioned nicely a new rocking-chair for the comfort of the invalid father, and prepared sundry other articles for their enjoyment. They were duly presented. The lady who presented them, remarked to me that she really wished that all who assisted in this contribution could have been present, and witnessed the joy and happiness manifested. No doubt they were happy, and lifted their hearts in thankfulness and praise to the great Giver of all good, and asked His blessing upon the donors.

This is by no means an uncommon circumstance, similar ones are transpiring daily. But, if we rightly appreciate the duty and privilege of these acts, this incident may serve to show that not only those who are ministered unto,

but those also who minister, are blessed. And, says Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Kind reader, let us esteem it a privilege to do good, and be actuated by love and a pure motive in all our acts of mercy. Then shall we meet the approbation of our God, and shall at the last be called to our reward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Duty bids thee not withhold;
Have full faith that God will render
Thee again a hundred fold."

CHARITY.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HEART MUSINGS.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

WRITTEN while listening to the ringing of bells after news of a victory on the Union side.

VICTORY'S ours! ah, the sound comes along up the valley,
But my soul to its time cannot rally;

On my cheek is a tear,
In my heart a sad fear,
And the bell
Tolls a knell.

Eyes that once with glad hope did look forward,
From the battle-field, now gaze up starward,
With heart-beats from hence still,
And loved lips all so chill,
Dear ones gone,
Since last dawn.

How we sent them out proudly; no falter
As the tongue said good-by. To the altar
Sacrificial we gave
Them, our country to save.
That was bliss,
But not this.

Noble hearts, manly forms, going proudly,
Martial songs, many drums, beating loudly,
Thus they left us that day;
But these papers say,
They are dead,
They are dead.

And our hearts hush their beating; tongues falter,
And eyes weep. Will the years ever alter
All this sorrow and pain?
Oh, the bell rings in vain
Notes of cheer,
There's none here.

There'll be voids in our home-circles ever,
Chairs vacant, smiles missed, wounds healed never
The songs hushed they loved best,
Through long years no more rest,
Only toil
For the soul.

Gay ringers, when your bell strikes so cheerily,
Do ye think of the ears that list wearily,
Of the hearts that feel,
And the heads that reel,
With the woe
That they know?

But cease, ye traitor heart! hope is proffered,
Rest in heaven the Saviour has offered;
And saved ones gone before,
The dark river o'er,
We shall meet
At His feet.

By their going to bright shores o'er the river,
The dark chains of our land they may sever;
So when bells gaily ring,
And ye know others sing,
Think of this,
'Twill be bliss.

No more comes up the jubilant ringing,
But my heart it is now softly singing;
The new years shall bring rest,
If with faith I am blest,
Jesus, give
Grace to live,
Aright through these years.
Conn., 1862.

REPORT OF HOUSE COMMITTEE FOR MAY.

Concluded.

23d. Our sympathies were called forth by a weeping grandmother, who committed a little babe to the Society; her sad story is found to be true. She has long been a widow and struggled hard to bring up her son and daughter. With hard day's work she earned their daily bread and tried to keep the children in school, they grew wayward and disobedient. Her daughter was clandestinely married and soon after deserted. This child was added to her cares, yet she toiled on, hoping that the daughter would grow wise and be "steady." Recently she returned home at night, found her room stripped of its furniture, which the intemperate daughter had sold and then eloped, leaving to her poor parent her helpless infant of a year old! People often disclaim the sundering of natural ties—the parting of mother and child. Had this mother realized the difficulties of bringing up these children; when necessity obliged her to leave them unwatched almost daily, had she committed them to the care of those who had the time and means to watch over and train them up for usefulness, would it not have been far better for her children, and would she not be happier now? We were interested in a remark made some years since, at the Home, by a mother, who wept very much at parting with her little daughter whom she had given up to the care of the Society. "Had you not better try a little longer to keep the child?" said a lady. "No," said the mother, "I have tried until I know she will never be anything if I keep her, and I had better cry over her now than to have to by-and-by."

It is almost impossible for a poor widow to rear up her children, in this city, in honesty and purity, if she is obliged, whilst at her labor, to leave them in their own care.

The sad news is received of the sudden death of Charles H. Johnson, one of our children—a fine child of twelve years old, much regarded by his guardians and those who knew him. He was sent a short distance on an errand, and not returning, was sought for and found drowned in a stream, which he had often crossed on a log, which was used as a foot-bridge. Thus has an inscrutable Providence removed him from all the trials and temptations that beset a young man, even when the most constant parental love and care hedge him in, as it were, from Satan's snares. Charles was an orphan. Did his dying mother commit him to God in faith, and has the covenant-keeping Jehovah now given again that child to his mother in the glorious world, where there is "no more death,

neither sorrow nor crying?" A kind letter from the family, who had, we hope, been faithful to their obligations, is received; they grieve for the foster-child. He had endeared himself to them by his amiable and affectionate manners, they say their house is very lonely without the pleasant little boy.

On Monday, 26th, occurred another of our Home feasts—such as our Saviour directed in Luke 14, 13. "When thou makest a feast, call the poor." Over one hundred of this class, who are poor by no fault of their own—no personal accountability, partook of the repast, which was to them "a feast of fat things." The two long tables in the dining-room and two smaller ones from the kitchen, were filled with rows of little boys, each placed before a well-supplied plate. The thankful prayer in rhyme was, with folded hands and upturned eyes, recited by the whole company in concert.

"Heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
Help us thank Thee for Thy care,
For our clothes, and food, and friends,
All the blessings Jesus sends;
May our love to Thee be given,
Free as mercies flow from heaven,
From our hearts all evil take,
Hear our prayer for Jesus' sake,"

The good soup, bountifully supplied with vegetables and the large pieces of bread, vanished rapidly; again and again plates were replenished, until even our generous housekeeper—Mrs. Ely—was afraid the children would eat until they were sick. We are glad no such result has followed, the youthful guests have continued well and happy.

Will the ladies of the Board bear with the reporter, while she tells them some of the preliminaries relating to these children and their dinner? * * * These boys attend Industrial School No. 3. After their morning lessons were learned, they were told to prepare for a visit to the Home; a busy hour succeeded. The washing and combing was all done by themselves, the older ones very actively assisting the younger. Much care was taken that all should have clean hands and faces. Then, over the apparel of forty of the boys, was put on large gingham aprons or sacques,* which benevolence has provided to be used on the great occasions which greet these humble ones now and then, and of which "many returns" are expected. The most dilapidated clothing was covered by these aprons, and a few children were supplied with clean jackets and collars. Their toilettes having been completed in the neatest manner the time and circumstances would permit, they "fell into line." And we thought our army of embryo voters made a presentable appearance. After several marchings and countermarchings around the school-room, we started at one o'clock for the Home. Very orderly was our appearance. Two by two, with quiet tread, we passed down to 29th Street, and through the basement of the Chapel building, into the yard, where the regiment

halted. Our expectant juveniles were soon ushered, in companies, into the dining-room. * * * After their dinner the scholars returned to the school-room, though not with the strict decorum that had marked their egress. Either the stimulant properties of their unusual meal or the excitement consequent thereto, had impaired their power of self-control, which is never in very "good ballast," and for a while confusion reigned, until the teachers, who were the last to arrive, reached the place.

When the little fellows found that they had thereby forfeited their tickets, they became very sober and very much regretted their overflow of frolic and fun after their welcome anniversary dinner, so kindly prepared for them.

Wednesday, 28th. Many applications to-day for aid, which could not be given. We gave words of advice and encouragement as far as we could. A Swiss family, recommended by Rev. A. Demora, was visited by Mrs. M. Some articles from the Dorcas-room and one dollar were given to them, for which we learn they are very grateful. The poor man can speak but little English, he is an evangelical Protestant, and hoped in this country to earn a good living for his family, and to enjoy without molestation "freedom to worship God" as his conscience dictated. Scarcely had he landed in this city before that inexorable disease, rheumatism, fettered him "hand and foot;" he is utterly helpless, and no struggle of his can break the iron chain. He feels that the hand of the Lord is heavy upon him. He is at 164 Thompson St., has a wife and four little boys.

A mother gave up her little son and daughter. She has married a second time, and these, her first husband's children, are so disliked, that she cannot protect them. With many tears she left them, they both wept and clung to their mother. We trust they will find foster-parents more humane than their step-father. A widow, well recommended, commits her only little son temporarily. She thinks that she can soon make such arrangements as will enable her to support her child. The family recommended some months since by Mrs. Havemeyer, were again aided. The consumptive invalid still lingers, grieving that he can do nothing towards the support of his family. The oldest child, a boy, earns in a manufactory one dollar per week; he works very hard. Even women are better compensated for their work than little children. The three younger children stay with their sick father, while their mother goes out to earn what she can. Sometimes, she says, "I get soldiers' shirts to make at home, and then the two older than the baby go to school."

30th. Found Mrs. M. in the reception-room, holding her little Willie; she accompanied her second husband, who was in a regiment in the Burnside expedition. She had just returned from Newbern. Six months since the Rev. O. N. Benton, the chaplain, who fell at the taking of Newbern, came with Willie's mother and induced the Executive Committee to take the

child into the Home; his board was paid three months in advance. Mr. Benton knew Mrs. M. to be a good woman and desired her to accompany the regiment. Now she is employed at Newbern, and came on purpose to take her child with her. A friend had written to her that W. had the mumps; all her fears were aroused, his sickness might prove fatal, and she hurried to embark on the first steamer. She was provided with a free pass, she showed us her permit to come and return upon the steamer "Jersey Blue," which brought home a number of sick and wounded soldiers, and will take back government stores for the army. Willie was soon arrayed to go with his mother, who paid his board, and expressed many thanks for the kind care taken of her child. She says "a fine man" is teaching a school there, which both white and colored children attend, and she shall send W. to school immediately. She interested us much by her recital of the scenes attending the battle. Her testimony to the faithfulness and Christian activity of the lamented chaplain, Benton, was grateful to our hearts. He lingered several days, knowing from the first that his wound was fatal. She spoke of him with tears, and also of Mrs. Benton, who accompanied her husband to Annapolis. When the expedition sailed from that place, she returned to her home and her two little children, who are now written fatherless.

Received, for a few weeks, a young girl, brought by a friend from northern New York. The child was to have been placed in the Eye Infirmary, but the building is now being repaired and painted. She could not remain there and must either stay with us or return to her widowed mother without any benefit resulting from the journey. The president was consulted, and the few ladies present ventured to receive her.

A bright German girl, just eighteen, came very joyfully to the Home, hoping to be able to find her mother, who, at eight years and a half old, gave up this child to the Society. Strange to relate, the mother has never made one inquiry after her, consequently we can give no information whatever. The young girl wept when she spoke of her mother, says she loved her so much, and she knows her mother loved her. Her father died when she was five or six years old. She says she shall go back to Ohio, that she only came to find her mother. She has been thinking and thinking all these years about finding her; is sure she would know her if she should meet her anywhere.

An aged woman asks admittance, tottering upon a staff and hardly able to ascend the steps at the door. She says she was once in the "Methodist Home for Old Ladies," that a good son she had, took her out to live with him, that he died, and she went to another son's house, who drinks and has been very unkind to her, and has now turned her out of doors, and she don't want ever to go back to him again. What a picture of depravity! One must hold their breath in horror when they think

* More of these are much needed.

of the power of sin and Satan in hardening the heart. A mother can desert her helpless child, a husband can murder his wife, a son can drive his mother from his door, humanity can be transformed into living, breathing demonism. Who would not pray to be kept from the power and dominion of sin. Mrs. P. gave the poor woman money to buyher a lodging and go to the Old Ladies' Home, where she once found shelter and will doubtless be again received.

Statistics for May.—No. of adults admitted, 17; dismissed, 14; remaining, 33; Children admitted, 35; dismissed, 25; remaining, 115.

Correspondence.

Arlington, Vt.

Dear Madam,—Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which I wish you to send me the requisite number of the *Advocate and Family Guardian*. I have been a subscriber to your paper but a short time and finding in it so much which should be in every family, and its high moral and religious tone and unyielding stand for the Union, and the suppression of all wrong, be it slavery or any other, and in raising the fallen and unfortunate of our race, and feeling that it is a duty incumbent upon every woman who is a true and earnest lover of the human family to do what she can to carry forward the work which your Society labors to accomplish, I have by much exertion obtained the enclosed subscribers, and hope and pray that soon your coffers shall be full to overflowing and great good be accomplished. Yours, truly,

MRS. N. G. HARD.

Dear Friend,—While waiting for the requested letter on the training of children in obedience, as alluded to in one of the previous numbers of the *Advocate*, perhaps the following little incident may not be unwelcome.

Conversing some years ago with a lady, I frankly regretted having been in the habit of giving reasons to my children for what I wanted them to do. I thought the effect had been, to some extent, injurious, as they would not always see the force of my "reasons," and their own arguments against the order thus given, were quite as convincing frequently to their minds as any I could advance in its favor; and this, too, without being what is termed "bad children." Yet I owned myself perplexed what to do. I had found the advantage of having my reasons understood, by seeing them enabled to judge more intelligently, when out of my sight, of my wishes, and to guide themselves aright when left without other guidance. I disliked, too, very much anything arbitrary in education, and was much in doubt what course to pursue. My friend replied, "At a maternal Association, which I once attended, this question of 'giving reasons' to children came up, and one member said she found it a good plan to make the child mind first and give your

reasons afterward. I thought the idea a good one." So did I, too, when my friend suggested it to me. It seemed to combine the advantage of habits of prompt obedience, with the culture of intelligent acquiescence in a parent's authority. Perhaps the hint may not be an unprofitable one to other mothers besides.

Your sincere friend, I. W.

A Card.—Mrs. S. W. Culver desires to express her appreciation of the kind regard indicated by the ladies of Vernon, in constituting her, by their contributions, a Life member of the American Female Guardian Society. May the Divine blessing attend the gift and bless the labors of the friends of the friendless. Vernon, Oneida Co., N. Y., April, 1862.

Bradford, N. H.

DIED, in Sandy Hill, April 13th, of consumption, Mrs. Sallie G. Woodworth, wife of Mr. Abel Woodworth, aged 62.

Mrs. W. was a native of Sutton, N. H., and daughter of the late Nathan Andrews of that place. Mrs. Woodworth was a devoted and self-denying Christian. The oppressed and suffering ever found in her a warm advocate and friend. She was deeply interested in the success of the Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, and for a few years past has been zealously engaged in soliciting aid for the Home, and in extending the circulation of the *Advocate and Guardian*.

The F. G. Society shares, with other benevolent objects, in her last will.

DIED, in Brookfield, Md. Co., N. Y., Nov. 28th, 1861, Mrs. Eunice Saunders, aged 70 years. In the death of Mrs. Saunders your Society has lost an earnest friend. While she sympathized with every work of Christian benevolence, she was a special friend of the cause in which your Society is engaged. She became interested in the labors of the lamented McDowell, and has been a constant subscriber to your paper since a short time after its first publication; she loved its high moral standard and deep-toned piety, and was ever ready to recommend it to the favorable notice of others. She felt an anxious solicitude for the prosperity of your Home for the Friendless, and did what she could toward furnishing supplies for its Dorcas room. She became a Life member of your Society in 1848, and at her death left it the enclosed donation of ten dollars.

E. S. S.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From June 10th to 25th, 1862.

HOME.—

N. H.—Mrs S. Bartlett, Mrs C. Harriman, 25c each, Mrs L. Stewart, Mrs R. Foster, Mrs H. L. Warren, Misses A. and M. Heath 10c each, Warner..... 1 00

Mass.—Eleanor W. Lawton, Ware..... 1 00
A Friend, Springfield..... 1 00
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N. Y.—Busy Bees' Society, Blughamton, per Mrs Mather..... 5 00
Mrs L. B. Humphrey, Sheldon..... 1 00
Mrs E. A. Johnson, Yonkers..... 50
Mrs L. Booth, Ballston Spa..... 1 00
Mrs Sarah Palmer, Locust Valley..... 2 00
Mrs M. Babcock, Norwich..... 2 00
A Friend, Deansville..... 50
Mrs Mary Wake \$2, John and Jonathan Wake, Mrs Cornal, E. Shipley and P. Fish, 50c each, Mrs Church and Mrs Palister 25c each, Mr Nash 39c, per Mrs M. Wake..... 5 39
N. Y. City.—Mrs McBride..... 20 00
W. W. W..... 25 00
Mrs J. H. Elmore..... 25
N. J.—Miss Penny, Orange..... 1 00
Friends in the Roadstone Baptist, and Greenwich Cong. Churches, per L. K. Howell, frt..... 1 00
Pa.—E. H. Stearns, Erie..... 4 00
Willie, Titusville..... 62
Ohio.—Son of R. A. Naylor, Painesville..... 50
Ill.—O. T. Macomber, J. Shepherd and Wm. Hall, 50c each, Albion..... 1 50
Wis.—Elder T. Palmer, Merton..... 1 00
Kansas.—L. R. Adams, Burlingame..... 2 00

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Mrs E. C. Morris, Casswago..... 1 00
A Friend, Jamestown..... 2 00

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

N. Y.—Mrs Curtiss, Curtissville..... 4 00

LIFE MEMBERS.

Conn.—Rev. W. J. Jennings, to apply on L. M. of his daughter, Isabella S. J., Coventry..... 2 00
N. Y.—Mrs M. S. White, Wellsville, to apply on L. M. of her daughter, Ida Estelle..... 2 00
Mrs L. D. Miner, Lima, to apply on L. M., (omitted in former Ack..... 5 00
N. Y. City.—Mr M. E. Kingman, to const. Miss Sarah Johnson, Reading, Mass. a L. M..... 20 00
N. J.—Infant Class of S. S in 1st Pres. Church, Hoboken, to const. Mrs Sarah Babbit a L. M., per M. C. Harp..... 20 00
Mich.—Bequest of John Spratt, Commerce, per George Malcolm, Executor..... 100 00

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from June 10th to 25th, 1862.

Mass.—Curtissville, a box of toys from a "Grandmother." Mattapoisett, a half-barrel of quilts and clothing from Mrs Susannah P. Dexter, and 1 quilt and stockings from Mrs A. Hall.
Hatfield, a package of clothing and basting-cotton from Mrs Orcutt.
Conn.—Gaylordsville, a package for show-case from Rosa Gregory.
N. Y.—Blooming Grove, a package of clothing from the Union Female Benev. Society, per Miss M. Rice.
Sheriden, a box of quilts and clothing from several friends, per Lydia Spencer.
Pawling, a barrel of potatoes from Wm. D. Hoag.
Eastchester, a donation of strawberries from the Industrial Farm School, per Rev. L. M. Pease, Supt.
Morrisania, fruit dishes from Mrs Curtis.
N. Y. City—a package of clothing from Mrs Hall.
25 lbs rice from S. Wildes' Sons.
50 baskets strawberries for the Home Children from Mr Alfred Edwards.
3 prs stockings from a friend.
A parcel of clothing from Mrs Parker Handy.
" " " Mrs Jennett, per Mrs Ranney.
" " " Mrs Wilmart.
" " " Mrs Tiffany.
1000 needles, 2 gross of buttons, from Mrs J. T. White, per Mrs E. Starr.
Pa.—Uniondale, a box of quilts and clothing from Mrs Daniel Carpenter and other friends.
Harbor Creek, a barrel of quilts and clothing from a few ladies.
Mich.—Ransom, a box of quilts and clothing from the Sewing Soc., and pr. socks from Mrs C. D. Luce.

Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

☞ Packages—not letters—should be marked:

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,
29 East 29th Street, New York.

Care
A. Chapman, (Healey's Express,) Pier 16, N. R.

A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when the package was forwarded.

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Hubbard and Gillette, dealers in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 18 Cortlandt Street.
Jas. O. Bennett, Commission Merchant, New Produce Exchange, Cor. Whitehall & Pearl.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

TERMS:—\$1 per annum, in advance; \$5 for ten copies enclosed in one wrapper, and sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pitfalls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

* *Wants.*—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses.

☞ WE would respectfully request our correspondents to have all letters, containing money, registered, when it is impossible to procure drafts.

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NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.—ALL persons remitting funds to this office are requested to avoid inclosing OLD POSTAGE STAMPS, which are now worthless and cannot be acknowledged as cash.

☞ Special Notice to Advertisers. ☞

☞ Advertisements of MEDICINES are not admitted

Owing to the rapid increase in our circulation, we are compelled to raise the price of Advertising to 20 cents a line, (Nonpareil,) each insertion. Business Notices, 40 cents a line, (Minion.) These prices are lower than any paper of equal circulation.

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☞ MINISTERS, who occasionally present to their people the claims of the Society, can receive the paper free of charge. We shall be glad to hear from all those now receiving it, as the list is being revised.

☞ Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

☞ Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

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☞ POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the Subscriber.

☞ BOUND VOLUMES of the *Advocate and Family Guardian*.—A few copies of each of 1858, 1859 and 1860 are on hand, price \$1 for '58; \$1.25 for '59 and '60, neatly bound in muslin. The postage being 45c., it is better to have them sent by express or private hand.

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

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